THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

[ESTABLISHED 1840].

"*Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding*" (PROVERBS 4: 7).

No. 5, Vol. LXXXI. Thursday, January 30, 1919. Price One Penny.

REMINISCENCES OF PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH.

BY CHARLES W. NIBLEY, PRESIDING BISHOP OF THE CHURCH.

THE *Era* has asked me to write a few remembrances of incidents connected with my personal association with the late President Joseph F. Smith, while they are yet fresh in memory, and it is a pleasure to comply.

The first time I ever remember seeing Joseph F. Smith was in the then little village of Wellsville, in the year 1867. He was twenty-eight years of age, and had recently been chosen one of the Twelve Apostles. President Brigham Young and company were making a tour of the northern settlements, and the new apostle, Joseph F. Smith, was among the number. I heard him preach in the old meetinghouse at Wellsville, and I remarked at the time what a fine specimen of young manhood he was—strong, powerful, with a beautiful voice, so full of sympathy and affection, so appealing in its tone, that he impressed me, although I was a youth of but eighteen, he was a handsome man.

At that time I was clerking in a little store owned by Father Ira Ames, one of the old Kirtland veterans of the Church. Apostle George A. Smith was one of that company, and he was entertained at Brother Ames' home, where I also lived. I recall that at the dinner table, Father Ames asked George A. who of the Smiths this young man Joseph F. was.

George A. replied that he was Hyrum's son; his mother, Mary Fielding Smith.

Brother Ames remarked that he looked like a likely young fellow, and George A. replied in about these words:

"Yes, I think he will be all right. His father and mother left him when he was a child, and we have been looking after him to try and help him along. We first sent him to school, but it was not long before he licked the schoolmaster, and could not go to

school. Then we sent him on a mission, and he did pretty well at that. I think he will make good as an apostle."

Some years ago I related this incident to President Smith, and he told me that the reason he had trouble with the schoolmaster was that the schoolmaster had a leather strap with which he used to chastise the children. He was a rather hard-hearted schoolmaster, one of the olden type that believed in inflicting bodily punishment.

President Smith said, "My little sister was called up (Aunt Martha now living in Provo) to be punished. I saw the schoolmaster bring out the leather strap, and he told the child to hold out her hand. I could not stand for that. I just spoke up loudly and said, 'Do not whip her with that,' and at that he came at me and was going to whip me, and instead of his whipping me, I licked him good and plenty."

At the time of this incident, Joseph F. (for by that name he was affectionately called) was about fifteen years of age. But he was a strong, powerful youth, and his big heart could not tolerate such punishment, especially if it bordered on the cruel, to be inflicted upon a little child.

Another incident which I have heard him relate which shows his courage and integrity, occurred when he was returning from his mission to the Sandwich Islands, in the fall of 1857. He came home by way of Los Angeles, by what was called the Southern Route. In that year Johnston's Army was on the move for Utah, and naturally enough there was much excitement and bitterness of feeling concerning the "Mormons." In southern California, just after the little train of wagons had traveled only a short distance and made their camp, several anti-"Mormon" toughs rode into the camp on horseback, cursing and swearing and threatening what they would do to the "Mormons." Joseph F. was a little distance from the camp gathering wood for the fire, but he saw that the few members of his own party had cautiously gone into the bush down the creek, out of sight. When he saw that, he told me, the thought came into his mind, "Shall I run from these fellows? Why should I fear them?" With that he marched up, with his arm full of wood, to the campfire where one of the ruffians, still with his pistol in his hand, shouting and cursing about the "Mormons," in a loud voice said to Joseph F.,

"Are you a 'Mormon?'"

And the answer came straight, "Yes, sir, true blue, through and through."

At that the ruffian grasped him by the hand and said, "Shake, young fellow, I am glad to see a man that stands up for his convictions."

These incidents show the inherent bravery, courage, integrity, of the man, and also tenderness and pity for the little helpless sister. These are the qualities upon which great men are builded.

In the Spring of 1877, I was called to accompany President Smith on a mission to Europe. I was called by him to labor in the business affairs of the Liverpool office, and from that time until the day of his death, I think I have enjoyed his personal confidence more than any man living. When I look back on it all now, I can see what a treasure, a blessing, a favor from the Almighty it has been to me.

During the last eleven years, especially, I have traveled with him almost constantly whenever he has gone from home. I have been with him on three different trips to Europe, including the first missionary trip above mentioned, and on four trips to the Sandwich Islands. Everywhere, and on all occasions, I have found him the same great, brave, true-hearted, noble and magnificent leader, so simple and unaffected, so entirely democratic and unassuming.

He was always careful with his expenditures, too. He abhorred debt, and no man have I ever known who was so prompt to pay an obligation to the last penny. He could not rest until the Church was out of debt, and though hundreds of schemes, and many of them extra good schemes, too, were presented to him, which no doubt would have meant an increase of wealth for the Church, yet he resolutely set his face against debt, and would not, under any conditions or circumstances, involve the Church in that way. Neither would he himself become involved in debt in his own individual affairs, but persistently stuck to the old motto, "Pay as you go."

Many of the older people now alive can recall that forty years ago, or even less, he was considered a radical, and many a one of that time shook his head and said, "What will become of things if that fiery radical ever becomes president of the Church?" But from the time he was made president of the Church, and even before that time, he became one of the most tolerant of men; tolerant of others' opinions, and while he would denounce sin with such righteous wrath as you would seldom see in any man, yet for the poor sinner he had compassion and pity, and even forgiveness, if sincere repentance were shown. None more ready than he to forgive and forget.

One touching little incident I recall which occurred on our first trip to the Sandwich Islands. As we landed at the wharf in Honolulu, the native saints were out in great numbers with their wreaths of *leis*, beautiful flowers of every variety and hue. We were loaded with them, he, of course, more than anyone else. The noted Hawaiian band was there playing welcome, as it often does to incoming steamship companies. But on this occasion the band had been instructed by the Mayor to go up to the "Mormon" meetinghouse and there play selections during the festivities which the natives had arranged for. It was a beautiful sight to see the deep-seated love, and even tearful affection that these

people had for him. In the midst of it all I noticed a poor old blind woman, tottering under the weight of about ninety years, being led in. She had a few choice bananas in her hand. It was her all—her offering. She was calling, "Iosepa, Iosepa." Instantly, when he saw her he ran to her and clasped her in his arms, hugged her, and kissed her over and over again, patting her on her head, saying, "Mama, Mama, my dear old Mama."

And with tears streaming down his cheeks he turned to me and said, "Charlie, she nursed me when I was a boy, sick and without anyone to care for me. She took me in and was a mother to me."

Oh, it was touching—it was pathetic. It was beautiful to see the great, noble soul in loving tender remembrance of kindness extended to him, more than fifty years before; and the poor old soul who had brought her love offering—a few bananas—it was all she had—to put into the hand of her loved Iosepa!

On these ocean trips there was much spare time, and we often whiled away an hour or two playing checkers. He could play a good game of checkers, much better than I. In fact, he could beat me four times out of five, but once in a while, when I played more cautiously, and no doubt when he was more careless, I could beat him. If he was beating me right along and I made an awkward move, and could see instantly that I had moved the wrong checker, he would allow me to draw it back if I noticed it immediately; but on the other hand, if I had beaten him for a game or two and should put my finger on a checker to draw it back, even though it were on the instant, he would call out with force enough, and in that positive way of his, "No you don't, you leave it right there." It is in these little incidents that we show the human side of our natures.

He loved sport—manly sport. He was a natural athlete; and in his youth, at foot-racing, jumping, wrestling, which were among the primitive sports of primitive days, he was a match for anyone. In later years I had induced him to take up with the ancient and royal Scottish game of golf. He got so that he could play a very good game, excellent indeed for a man of his years. But on one occasion, down at Santa Monica, when we were playing, we were up within about one hundred feet of the flag at the hole we were making for. A slight stroke should have driven the ball nearer the flag, but the inclination to look up as one tries to hit the ball got the best of him, and the consequence was he topped the ball and it rolled only a couple of feet or so. He bent over for the next stroke, and the one thing which all golfers most fear, and the hardest to overcome, is that habit of looking up or taking the eye off the ball just as you go to strike. This he did, the second time, when he topped it again and it moved but a few feet further. The third time he went up to it and hit it a whack that sent it rolling one hundred feet beyond the flag. His son, Wesley, who was playing with us, called out, "Why, papa, what did you

do that for? you knew it would roll away down there in the ditch!" The President straightened up and said, rather severely, "Well, I was mad at it!" I have laughed hundreds of times at that, "I was mad at it."

Of course, we agreed well together, otherwise we would not have been companionable during all these years. But sometimes I could not fully agree with him on some matters that we discussed. I recall one night we were on shipboard returning from Europe, in 1906. It was a bright moonlight night, and we stood there leaning over the railing enjoying the smooth sea and balmy summer night air. The Smoot investigation, which had just occurred a little while before and which had stirred up so much controversy thoughout the land was fresh in our minds, and we were talking of it. I took the position that it would be unwise for Reed Smoot to be re-elected to the United States Senate. I was conscientious in my objection, and I had marshaled all the facts, arguments, and logic, that I could; and I was well informed, I thought, on the subject, and had presented them to him in as clear and yet in as adroit a manner as I possibly could. It would take too much space here to go over the arguments, but it seemed to me that I had the best of it. I could see he began to listen with some little impatience, and yet he let me have my say, but he answered in tones and in a way that I shall never forget. Bringing his fist down with some force on the railing between us, he said, in the most forceful and positive manner:

"If ever the Spirit of the Lord has manifested to me anything clear and plain and positive, it is this, that Reed Smoot should remain in the United States Senate. He can do more good there than he can do anywhere else."

Of course, I did not contend further with him, but accepted from that hour his view of the case and made it mine, too. Twelve years have passed since that time, and looking back on it now, I cannot help but think how marvelously and splendidly the inspiration of the Almighty has been vindicated, while my argument, facts and logic have all fallen to the ground.

During the last six or eight years, hundreds of prominent people, Democrats as well as Republicans, passing through Salt Lake City, even Secretary McAdoo, himself, among them, have stated to President Smith that Utah had a great big man in the United States Senate in the person of Senator Reed Smoot. President Smith's judgment, or rather his inspiration in this matter, has been vindicated to the last degree.

As a preacher of righteousness, who could compare with him? He was the greatest that I ever heard—strong, powerful, clear, appealing. It was marvelous how the words of living light and fire flowed from him. He was a born preacher, and yet he did not set himself up to be such. He never thought highly of his own great qualities, Rather, he was simple, plain and unaffected

to the last degree: and yet, there was a dignity with it all which enabled anyone and everyone to say: "He is a man among men!" As preacher, leader, teacher, husband, father, citizen and man, I ask, who among our mighty ones can be likened unto him?

He loved a good story and a good joke. There was a good laugh in him always. He had no patience with vile stories, but there was a fine vein of humor in him, and he could relate incidents of his early life and entertain the crowd about him as few men ever could.

He was the most methodical in all his work of all persons I ever knew. Every letter that he received had to be endorsed by him with the date and any other information, and all carefully filed away. He could not stand for disorder. Everything in connection with his work was orderly. He could pack his suitcase or a trunk and line out and smooth out every piece of clothing in it so that it would hold more and be better packed than if anybody else had done it. His clothes, too, were always clean. Most men as they grow old are likely to have their clothes more or less spotted through dropping food on their clothing. But not so with him. To his last day his clothes were as clean and as well taken care of as if he had been a young man of thirty.

He was a most strenuous worker, and never considered saving himself at all. You could go up to his little office in the Beehive almost any night when he was well, and find him writing letters or attending to some other work. Perhaps some dear old soul had written him a personal letter, and he would work into the night answering it with his own hand. Indeed, he overworked himself and, no doubt, injured his strong constitution.

He was careless about eating—careless as to what he ate and when he ate. His living was exceedingly simple and plain. He rarely got to bed before midnight, and the consequence was he did not get sufficient sleep and rest.

He was very fond of music and loved to sing the songs of Zion.

His love for children was unbounded. During the trip we took last year down through the southern settlements to St. George and return, when the troops of little children were paraded before him, it was beautiful to see how he adored these little ones. It was my duty to try to get the company started, to make time to the next settlement where the crowds would be waiting for us, but it was a difficult task to pull him away from the little children. He wanted to shake hands with and talk to everyone of them.

Once in a little while someone would come up to him and say, "President Smith, I believe I am a kinsman of yours."

I knew then that we were good for another ten minutes' delay, for that great heart of his, that went out to every kinsman as well as to the little children, could not be torn away quickly from anyone claiming kinship with him.

I have visited at his home when one of his little children was

down sick. I have seen him come home from his work at night tired, as he naturally would be, and yet he would walk the floor for hours with that little one in his arms, petting it and loving it, encouraging it in every way with such tenderness and such a soul of pity and love as not one mother in a thousand would show.

While he was a hard-headed, successful business man, yet very few in this dispensation have been more gifted with spiritual insight than he. As we were returning from an eastern trip, some years ago, on the train, just east of Green River, I saw him go out to the end of the car, on the platform, and immediately return and hesitate a moment, and then sit down in the seat just ahead of me. He had just taken his seat when something went wrong with the train. A broken rail had been the means of ditching the engine and had thrown most of the cars off the track. In the sleeper we were shaken up pretty badly, but our car remained on the track.

The President immediately said to me that he had gone on the platform, when he heard a voice saying, "Go in and sit down."

He came in, and I noticed him stand a moment, and he seemed to hesitate, but he sat down.

He said further that as he came in and stood in the aisle he thought, "Oh, pshaw, perhaps it is only my imagination"; when he heard the voice again, "Sit down," and he immediately took his seat, and the result was as I have stated.

He, no doubt, would have been very seriously injured had he remained on the platform of that car, as the cars were all jammed up together pretty badly. He said, "I have heard that voice a good many times in my life, and I have always profited by obeying it."

On another occasion, at a function which was held in the palatial home of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. McCune, he made an extended talk to the gathering. He then said that when a certain brother who had been called to a responsible position in the Church was chosen for that position, he himself had never heard the spiritual voice more plainly and more clearly telling him what to do, than in this naming of the individual who was to be called for that certain office.

He lived in close communion with the Spirit of the Lord, and his life was so exemplary and chaste that the Lord could easily manifest Himself to His servant. Truly he could say, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." Not every servant can hear when He speaks. But the heart of President Smith was attuned to the Celestial melodies—he could hear, and did hear.

What shall I say of the grand and glorious work that he has done in rearing the large and splendid family that he leaves behind? What a noble work for any man! Indeed, no man without great nobility of soul could have accomplished it. Is not this bringing up a good family, and a large family of good citizens,

(*Continued on page 78*).

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1919.

EDITORIAL.

THE MESSAGE OF THE CHURCH.

ALMOST immediately after the organization of the Church, the Spirit of prophecy began to indicate that the saints would be located in the mountain valleys. In March, 1831, the Lord said, through the Prophet Joseph, "But before the great day of the Lord shall come, Jacob shall flourish in the wilderness, and the Lamanites shall blossom as the rose. Zion shall flourish upon the hills and rejoice upon the mountains, and shall be assembled together unto the place which I have appointed" (Doctrine and Covenants 49: 24, 25). In the month of September, the same year, He said, "Behold, I, the Lord, have made my church in the last days like unto a judge sitting on a hill, or in a high place, to judge the nations" (Doctrine and Covenants 64: 37), and a few years later, "Therefore will I not make solitary places to bud and to blossom, and to bring forth in abundance, saith the Lord" (Doctrine and Covenants 117: 7).

It is possible that the saints generally did not, at first, understand that these prophecies related to the Rocky Mountain valleys, where the Church eventually found a place of refuge from persecutors, but, as the events of the day were rapidly unrolled before the vision of the Prophet, the plans of God with His latter-day people became clear to him, and he beheld the future of the Church in many of its chief details. Thus, in 1842, he wrote:

"I passed over the river to Montrose, Iowa, in company with General Adams, Colonel Brewer, and others, and witnessed the installation of the officers of the Rising Sun Lodge of Ancient York Masons, at Montrose, by General James Adams, deputy grand master of Illinois. While the deputy grand master was engaged in giving the requisite instructions to the master elect, I had a conversation with a number of brethren in the shade of the building on the subject of our persecutions in Missouri, and the constant annoyance which has followed us since we were driven from that State. I prophesied that the saints would continue to suffer much affliction and would be driven to the Rocky Mountains; that many would apostatize, others would be put to death by our persecutors, or lose their lives in consequence of exposure or disease, and 'Some of you will live to go and assist in making settlements and build cities and see the saints become a mighty people in the midst of the Rocky Mountains.'"

In the year 1844, shortly before his martyr-death, the Prophet held a council meeting with the Twelve, in which the question

was considered of sending an exploring expedition to California and Oregon, for the purpose of selecting a place of location for the Church, where, as he expresses himself, "we can build a city in a day, and get up into the mountains, where the devil cannot dig us out, and live in a healthy climate, where we can live as old as we have a mind to."

President Brigham Young says on the same subject:

"In the days of Joseph we have sat many hours at a time conversing about this very country. Joseph has often said, 'If I were only in the Rocky Mountains with a hundred faithful men, I would then be happy, and ask no odds of mobocrats."

It is perfectly clear from these quotations that the location of the Church in the Rocky Mountains is in accordance with the divine plan that was made known through the word of prophecy from the earliest days of its existence. And it was to take place some time before the coming of "the great day of the Lord."

It is also in accord with prophecies delivered by some of the prophets of old. Isaiah exclaims:

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth."

This formed part of the text chosen by Elder Orson Pratt for the first sermon preached to the saints after their arrival in Salt Lake Valley in 1847, and Elder Pratt pointed out that this Scripture, and many others, referred directly to the establishment of the Lord's house in the "tops of the mountains," where it was "exalted above the hills."

Ancient Israel, too, in the land given to them by the Lord, became located in the mountains. The higher peaks of Lebanon and Sinai, which lie about four hundred miles apart, rise to a height of nearly 10,000 feet above sea level. From the plain of Esdraelon the hills to the south continue gradually rising, till at Jerusalem we reach a height of about 2,588 feet above the Mediterranean, or 3,900 feet above the surface of the Dead Sea. In the country of Judah, south of Jerusalem, the hills are still higher. To the east of Jerusalem the country falls so rapidly that Jericho, only twenty miles distant, is 3,406 feet below the City of David. This city itself is surrounded by hills, of the grandeur and majesty of which the prophets and poets of old never tired to sing. "As the mountains," says one of them (Psalm 125: 2), "are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even for ever." And this song of triumphant faith may well be sung of the beautiful cities of the the Latter-day Zion, now nestling in the mountain valleys, where they are sheltered in the fond embrace of the everlasting hills, as well as watched over by the Almighty and protected by His strong arms.

The Lord told the Saints, even before the persecution in Missouri had reached its climax, that, "After much tribulation, cometh the blessing" (Doc. and Cov. 58: 4), and this has proved true. The tribulations in Missouri and Illinois were only a prelude to the blessings that came to the saints in their God-given mountain refuge.

There must be some good and sufficient reason why the Almighty selects hilly countries for His people, in preference, seemingly, to the low-lands, whenever there is a mission for His servants to perform, for which a special training is necessary. A contributor to a recent number of the *Christian Work*, writing on the advantages enjoyed by the inhabitants of mountain regions, expresses the thought that all the brave and active attitudes of life have been recommended to us by peoples of mountainous countries. Other peoples, he admits, may have given us other contributions, but it has been given to the inhabitants of the mountain valleys to say those things concerning life, which we may describe as "the brave things, the fearless things, the believing things." And then he continues:

"To those who are born amongst hills, life first dawns, not as an infinite thing but as a small and manageable portion; and the soul of man born there begins with a kind of feeling that somehow or other it is able to deal with the surroundings. Life is a manageable thing; and so the mind in such circumstances acquires from the outset, and settles down into a certain confidence, a certain sense of capacity to deal with its surroundings; and this gives to such minds an immense advantage, face to face with the later challenge of a wider knowledge, compared with those whose souls from their very birth have looked out upon an infinite world which from the very beginning seemed too much for them. * * * It was a Frenchman, Stendhal, who said that the whole history of France might have been different had there been mountains on the horizons of Paris. And for myself I have always held that the heart-breaking sadness of Russia had as at least one of its sources the immeasurable levelness and endlessness, without any suggestive or interrupting incident on any horizon, upon which every Russian child opens his eyes."

Be this as it may, it is indisputable that the standard-bearers of civilization, the unconquerable pioneers of human progress, have been peoples cradled in the verdant valleys of the everlasting hills. The Greeks had leagues of nations—the so-called *Amphictyonies*—centuries before our era, while we, in our day, are just beginning to wonder whether such an institution is practical or a mere dream. The Hebrew race, fostered among the hills of Canaan, has given to the world its most lofty and enduring religious ideals, and it has successfully resisted all efforts at annihilation. Their persecutors have fallen, but the Hebrews are rising triumphant over all enemies. The Swiss Republic has stood for centuries as a lighthouse of liberty amid the raging waves in which kingdoms and empires have been swallowed up. The Balkan states have also

emerged from under the avalanche of hostile invasion, uncrushed, stronger, and better for their long experience under the yoke of oppression.

If we realize this, we can understand why the Latter-day Saints were sent to the Rocky Mountain Valleys. It was in order that a generation might grow up, under the influence of the gospel, with a message to the world, possessing all the power, intelligence, and talent necessary for the delivery of that message.

At the present time it should be apparent to all that such a divine message is needed in the world. Judging from appearances, anarchy is threatening to overwhelm the world. There is every indication that we are to witness on a large scale conditions similar to those that prevailed in France during the "reign of terror," when men made the experiment of dethroning God in the affairs of the world and of worshiping "reason" instead, and when, as a consequence, the entire country was drenched in blood and blasphemy. It is the same spectre that is now hovering over the world.

We have, during the last four years, heard something about the hostile attitude of Nietzche towards Christianity. He said, as quoted:

"I condemn Christianity. To me it is the greatest of imaginable corruptions. The church is the great parasite: with its anemic idea of holiness it drains life of all its strength, its love, and its hope. The other world is the motive for the denial of every reality. I call Christianity the one great curse, the one great intrinsic of depravity, the one great instinct of revenge, for which no expedient is sufficiently poisonous, secret, underhand, to gain its ends. I call it the one immortal shame and blemish upon the human race."

This attitude has justly been condemned as the ravings of a distorted mind. But the fact is that they represent a worldwide sentiment, a general apostasy and rejection of the teachings of the Scriptures, a state of rebellion against God and His authority. Nietzche did but say what multitudes think less clearly than he did, and unless something happens to turn the hearts of the children of men toward God in repentance and prayer, followed by the acceptance of the gospel of Jesus Christ, it is to be feared that we shall have a time of tribulation, such as was never experienced in this world before.

That is the reason why the Latter-day Saints, who have received a message of salvation to deliver to the world, were fostered among God's everlasting hills, to become His messengers to the world. That is also the reason why they should be faithful, and earnest in the delivery of that message, until the day of the appearance of our Lord Himself in power and glory, to take charge of the affairs of the world and bring about the final triumph of truth, righteousness, and peace.

J. M. S.

THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST NOT SECTARIAN.

By Dr. James E. Talmage, of the Council of the Twelve of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

This is an age of multitudinous sects, cults, and religious societies in general, and the number increases year by year. Strictly speaking, a sect is a branch or offshoot of a primary institution, and in this sense numerous sects have arisen and others may arise, all professing something in common though differing in particulars, ofttimes to the point of antagonism.

Most of the existing sects designate themselves as "churches," with a distinctive forename to each. As the term "church," in its ordinary and broad usage, is a common possession, unprotected by letters patent or other guaranty of exclusiveness, its general employment as an alternative for "sects" or cognate nouns, is no breach of law, order, or custom.

You, I, and a few of our friends may get together and by common agreement form a society, club, guild or church and, if the basis of our organization be that of some earlier institution, our action marks the birth of a new sect. Thus to the possible making of sects there is no visible end.

Narrowing our consideration to that of churches professing Christianity, we meet the question as to whether there can be two or more diverse sects, opposed to each other in essentials of belief and practise, or both or all be in reality the Church of Jesus Christ. Can a church that is divided against itself, or a multitude of sects with discordant doctrines and conflicting claims to priestly authority, be one and all the same church, and that the Church of God?

The question has been answered by the churches themselves, and their emphatic reply in the negative is expressed in the names by which these organizations have chosen to be known. Some have elected to be called after the names of their founders or eminent promoters, as Lutherans, Calvinists, Wesleyans, Campbellites. Others proclaim by their self-chosen titles a preference for appellations denoting some descriptive feature of their plan of organization or governmental system, as Episcopal, Presbyterian, Congregational. Yet others attach so great significance to distinctive points of doctrine as to make that the mark of identity, such as Unitarian, Trinitarian, Universalist, Baptist.

None of us can consistently challenge the vested right of religious associations to choose their own names. Moreover, the designations of existing sects, with few exceptions, are self-explanatory, significantly expressive, and eminently appropriate. In general the names tell, as explicitly as any brief title could do, just what the respective sect, society or church professes to be.

Organizations planned and operated for individual and social

betterment, whether known as churches or otherwise, are commendable institutions. Inasmuch as membership therein is a matter of personal choice, no objection should be raised against rules established by common consent or majority decision for the discipline of members, provided, of course, that such rules be administered without infringement upon the rights of outsiders.

But can any association of men, conceived and effected on human initiative, be anything other than an earthly institution, even though its aims be lofty and its activities the most praiseworthy?

The Church of Jesus Christ, as an institution both earthly and heavenly, that is to say, having vital relation to mortal life and to eternity, cannot have been originated at human instance. That church is not the fruitage of man's planting, neither the offshoot of other and older institutions. The Church of Jesus Christ, therefore, is not, nor can it be, a sect.

The Book of Mormon affirms that the Lord Jesus Christ, shortly after His ascension in Judea, visited the early inhabitants of the Western Continent and established His Church amongst them. As He had done in Galilee, so in America. He chose and ordained Twelve Disciples, to whom He gave authority to administer the ordinances of the gospel, which, as the Lord taught, are essential to salvation. He very clearly set forth that His Church was to be rightly named, as the following record attests.

The Twelve, whom He had commissioned to build up the Church, prayed for instruction, saying: "Lord, we will that thou wouldst tell us the name whereby we shall call this Church: for there are disputations among the people concerning this matter." And the resurrected Lord, there present in visible person, answered them in this wise:

"Verily, verily I say unto you, why is it that the people should murmur and dispute because of this thing? Have they not read the Scriptures, which say ye must take upon you the name of Christ, which is my name? For by this name shall ye be called at the last day. And whoso taketh upon him my name, and endureth to the end, the same shall be saved at the last day. Therefore whatsoever ye shall do, ye shall do it in my name; therefore ye shall call the Church in my name; and ye shall call upon the Father in my name, that he will bless the church for my sake. And how be it my Church, save it be called in my name? For if a church be called in Moses' name, then it be Moses' church; or if it be called in the name of a man, then it be the church of a man; but if it be called in my name, then it is my Church, if it so be that they are built upon my gospel" (Book of Mormon, III. Nephi 27).

Of course, I know that it is better to build a cathedral than to make a boot; but I think it better actually to make a boot than only to dream about building a cathedral.—Ellen Thornycroft Fowler.

REMINISCENCES OF PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH.

(*Concluded from page 71*).

good men and women, good for the Church, for the State, and for the Nation—is not this, I say, about the most God-like piece of work that a man can do in this world? The thinking mind, who goes into this question deeply enough, will see that here is the work, not only of a man, of a great man, but of a god in embryo. The whole Church can take pride in the vindication of the great principle which he has so successfully wrought out. No ordinary man could accomplish that. Happy the wife who can call him husband. Happy and blessed indeed the children who call him father. Never was a man more chaste and virtuous to the fibre of his being than he. Against all forms or thoughts of licentiousness, he was set, and as immovable as a mountain. "Blessed are the pure in heart"; and he was of the very purest—he shall see God.

It is written that a truly great man is known by the number of beings he loves and blesses, and by the number of beings who love and bless him. Judged by that standard alone, where is his equal to be found in all this world!

I can say of Joseph F. Smith as Carlyle said of Luther, that he was truly a great man. "Great in intellect, in courage, in affection, and integrity. Great, not as a hewn obelisk, but as an Alpine mountain." No heart ever beat truer to every principle of manhood and righteousness and justice and mercy than his: that great heart, encased in his magnificent frame, made him the biggest, the bravest, the tenderest, the purest and best of all men who walked the earth in his time.

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a Man!'"

FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

Lady Missionaries.—Lady missionaries have been set apart recently in various conferences of the British mission as follows: Leeds—Alice Holroyd, Lavina Tenney, Sarah Jane Ingham, Rebecca Groves, Beatrice Laycock, and Theresa Hudson; Norwich—Florence Louisa Spall and Dora Bloomfield; London—Daisy V. Ashley; Hull—Ivy Maud Norman, Lillian May Bushell, and Lilias Doris Grassby; Irish—Lena Youkstetter, Nellie Youkstetter, Lisette Beulah, Bertha L. Steele, and Laura C. Steele.

Socials.—On Tuesday night, January 14th, 1919, a farewell party was given in the Oldham hall, Manchester conference, for Elder Frederick G. Day, who has been transferred to the Birmingham

conference. Saints and friends from all branches of the conference were in attendance, and took part on the program. A purse was given to Elder Frederick G. Day to help him on his journey.

On Friday night, January 3rd, 1919, the Gateshead branch of the Newcastle conference, tendered a farewell social to President William J. Loosle, who is shortly to return home. It was very well attended by saints and friends, who united in making the social a success. An excellent program was rendered, consisting of solos, duets, dialogues, and a variety of games. A token of remembrance and appreciation was presented to President Loosle. Words of encouragement and thankfulness were spoken to those present by President Loosle.

A farewell social was held in the Handsworth Chapel, Handsworth, Birmingham conference, January 16th, 1919, in honor of President Joseph H. Ririe, who has been honorably released to return home. A splendid program was rendered, at the conclusion of which a beautiful set of gold cuff links was presented to him by the saints and friends of the conference, as a token of their love and respect for him. President Ririe made a few closing remarks, and invoked the blessings of heaven upon the saints.

The Bradford Mutual organization gave a successful concert on Saturday, January 11th, where considerable new talent was displayed. Tableaus were presented. Brother J. W. Turner reported that it was a financial success. Investigators contributed largely to the success of the evening.

A social was held on January 4th, 1919, at Darlington, Newcastle conference. The children had an enjoyable time, "tea" being partaken of in the afternoon. In the evening the adults joined them, and recitations and songs were rendered. The program brought a very pleasant day to a close.

A well-attended birthday party was given in the Handsworth Chapel, Handsworth, Birmingham, on Monday, January 6th, 1919, by Sister Emma Vale, in honor of her birthday. The saints and friends throughout the whole conference were the invited guests of Sister Vale, and those present enjoyed a splendid program.

Branch Conferences.—On Sunday, January 5th, 1919, a branch conference was held in the Leicester branch, Nottingham conference. President Joseph H. Ririe and Elder State England of the Birmingham conference, President Charles A. Welchman of the Sheffield conference, and President William D. McAlister of Nottingham conference were in attendance. Three well-attended and much-enjoyed sessions were held. In the morning session the Sunday-school children gave an interesting and instructive program. Presidents Charles A. Welchman and William D. McAlister were the speakers in the afternoon session. Very masterly and instructive addresses were delivered by President

Joseph H. Ririe and Elder State England in the evening session. During the afternoon and evening sessions the sisters of the Leicester branch choir sang three anthems and a duet.

On Sunday, January 12th, 1919, a branch conference was held in Middlesbrough, Newcastle conference. President William J. Loosle, President Leslie T. Harper, and Elder James E. Rennie were in attendance. Two sessions were held, at which Brother William Derbyshire presided. The Sunday-school was reorganized, and the officers were set apart to their respective callings. The children united in singing, "Oh, I had such a pretty dream, mamma," after which the speakers were, Elder James E. Rennie, President Leslie T. Harper, President William J. Loosle, and Brother William Derbyshire. The evening session convened at 6:30, when the mission and branch authorities were unanimously sustained. The speakers were Elder James E. Rennie, President Leslie T. Harper, and President William J. Loosle. Vocal and violin solos were rendered by three of the sisters of the branch.

The Halifax branch, Leeds conference, held its semi-annual conference on Sunday, January 12th, 1919, in three sessions, at each of which Branch President Fred Palfreyman was in charge. Conference President Joseph S. Nelson was present. The morning session was devoted to the consideration of the work of the priesthood, lady missionaries, and branch officers. In the afternoon, the Sunday-school children gave a delightful program, two more lady missionaries were set apart, officers were set apart, and all were sustained. The evening session was devoted to the reports of the auxiliary organization presidents, who gave encouraging reports, and to the remarks of the branch and conference presidents. The conference was a marked success.

DIED.

WALKDEN.—Of bronchitis, November 25th, 1918, William Thomas Walkden. He was born at Heywood, Lancashire, England, November 15th, 1915, and blessed December 9th, 1915, by Elder Israel C. Barlow.

CONTENTS:

Reminiscences of President Joseph F. Smith 65
Editorial: The Message of the Church 72
The Church of Jesus Christ Not Sectarian 76
From the Mission Field... ... 78

EDITED, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY GEORGE F. RICHARDS, 295 EDGE LANE, LIVERPOOL:

FOR SALE IN ALL THE CONFERENCES OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS IN GREAT BRITAIN.